St. Marguerite Coll.

# LIVINGSTONE HERO STORIES

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SUSAN MENDENHALL

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# PREFACE

The following stories based on the life of Livingstone were written for boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age. They are intended for use by teachers or superintendents who wish to tell stories to their class or school.

The story teller should master the content of the story so that he may tell it easily and smoothly in his own words. To do this he should have clearly in mind the outline of the story, *i. e.,* the beginning, the body of the story, the climax, and the end. The attention of the children will be gained in the beginning, their interest will steadily grow as the body of the story is developed by each succeeding incident, until the climax is reached at the highest point of interest. Here the real message of the story is conveyed, for the climax is the heart of the story. The end should be brief and simple, leaving the story to teach its own lesson and make its own impression.

The stories should arouse an interest in Livingstone, so that the boys and girls will want to learn more about him. For this purpose we recommend:

*Livingstone, the Pathfinder,* by Basil Mathews. Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 75c. This is the most popular biography of Livingstone that has been published. One or more copies should be available for the boys and girls.

*Across Africa with Livingstone.* 60c. This is a popular game played like parchesi. Traces the journeys of Livingstone across Africa and calls special attention to many interesting features in his life.

These two publications are both issued by the Missionary Education Movement.

If those who hear these stories learn to love and honor the hero of Africa and if a spirit of service akin to his is awakened in their lives, in ever so small a degree, the purpose of the stories will have been fulfilled.

# THE MILL BOY

In a cotton factory in Scotland a boy ten years old stood before a spinning frame where there were great, whirling reels of cotton, with the thread stretching from one part of the machine to the other. Every now and then a cotton thread would break, and this dark-haired, bright-eyed boy would catch hold of the two ends and tie them together again. This was not hard work, although he had to stay at the task from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. The day when he received his first wages he was the proudest boy in that factory. He took the money home and laid it in his mother's lap and she was the proudest mother in all the village of Blantyre.

Then the mother and the boy talked the matter over and it was decided that David, for that was his name, should use part of the money to buy a book for himself, and so it came about that he bought a book from which he could learn Latin.

The next day he took his new Latin book to the factory with him and fastened it on the spinning-jenny in front of him. As he walked back and forth before the long frame he could catch a sentence or two each time as he passed. Then he started to a night school and with the aid of his teacher he learned Latin.

The factory hands soon found that David and his books were fast friends, for every day, rain or shine, cold or warm, through several years he was at his place with a book on the frame before him. And in his ceaseless passing to and fro before the spinning frame, midst the whirling noise of spindles, the loud hum of voices, and the thump, thump, thump of the machinery, David read many a book. Sometimes it was Latin, frequently it was a book of travel or another good reading book.

Yet David was a great favorite at the mill, for he was very good-natured, courteous, and always ready to do a good turn for any one. But for that matter David was a favorite everywhere. At home the games were always merrier if he was among the number. Everybody in the family looked forward to the evenings when David would be at home, for they wanted him in the circle when the family gathered around the open fire and the grandfather or the mother told them stories of the days when the grandfather himself or their uncles were in the war, and many other stories which the children loved so much. Then the good father would read a chapter from the old Bible and pray, and the family would go to their night's rest. It was seldom, however, that little David went to bed when the others did. He would stay up and read a book or study his lesson by the candle-light until presently his mother would come and blow out the light and hurry him off to bed.

The days that David loved the most were the holidays, when he and his brothers would go off for long tramps across the meadows and hills. Some days they went swimming or fishing, other days they looked for beetles, butterflies, shells, or flowers. David loved the out-of-doors, and he came to know the animals and the plants that lived there. He did not know then that he was beginning a study which he would continue all of his life, and that when he was a man in a strange land called Africa he would dig up the roots in the ground for food and use the plants for medicine.

The years passed by in the mill and David began to dream of what he should do when he was a man. The stories from the Bible that he loved the most were of Christ as he went among the people, healing the sick, comforting those in trouble, and showing people how to live good, useful lives. David read a book, too, written by a man who had gone to a country across the sea and there had lived among the people, taking care of the sick, helping them with their work, and telling them the story of Jesus Christ.

One night David came home from his work, and when he was alone with his parents he told them of the plans which he had made. He also wanted to be a missionary physician, so that he could heal the sick, help the poor, and teach the people about Jesus. Then his mother was very proud of her son, although she knew it would be hard to

have him go so far away from home. The father and David talked together a long time. The father said, "You will have to go away to school to study, my son." "Yes," said David, "I have thought of that, but I am now a spinner in the factory and the wages are good. If I carefully save my money all this summer, I can go to Glasgow to school next winter." "Very well," said the father, "you may try." And so it came about the next winter, when the snow was on the ground, that David and his father walked the seven miles to Glasgow and there made arrangements for David to stay and go to school.

The years passed by and David studied hard. He spent but little money, for he had very little to spend. At last the time came when he graduated from school and finished his work at the medical college. He was now both a doctor and a preacher. The London Missionary Society agreed with David that he should go to Africa as a missionary. David went home that night and told his parents that he was going to Africa and that he must start the next day.

The family gathered about the open fire for a long evening's talk. There was so much to be said. It was David's last night at home. "Let us stay up all night and talk," said David. "No!" said his mother, "You must have some rest to-night," and so by and by she sent him off to bed, just as

she used to do when he was a boy at home with his books.

Very early the next morning all the family were astir. After breakfast the father took down the old Bible and handed it to David and he read the 121st Psalm, which ends:

> The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore.

Then he read another Psalm and prayed.

David bade a tender good-by to his mother, his sisters, and brothers, and then his father and he walked again the seven miles to Glasgow, where the Liverpool steamer was waiting to take him on his way. The father said a last good-by to his son and gave him his blessing. Then slowly and with a lonely heart he went back home, while the young man sailed off into the great ocean for the continent of Africa. That young man was David Livingstone, the mill boy, who became one of the most famous men and one of the greatest missionaries the world has ever known.

# A FIGHT WITH A LION

David Livingstone stood in the doorway of his little grass hut in the village of Mabotsa. He was looking off through the morning sunshine to the hillside beyond the village. There he saw a company of men working, and yonder was a flock of sheep grazing. "Good morning, Master," said a voice near by, and, turning, Livingstone saw Mebalwe, the school-teacher, coming toward him from the chapel, where school had not yet begun. "And a good morning it is," replied Livingstone. "I was watching the men digging on the canal yonder. Do you know, Mebalwe, it will only take another day or so of work to connect the canal with the river?" "Oh, Master, that will be good if the river will only water our gardens. For the rain has not come and our gardens are dying, and where will we get food for ourselves and our little ones?" "Never fear, Mebalwe," replied his master, "the gardens will soon be green again and then we shall all have fresh food, for the water will come down the mountainside in the canal, and it will be as good as rain for the gardens."

"Oh, look, Master, look," cried Mebalwe, and he pointed wildly to the hillside beyond. And look-

ing, they both saw a flock of sheep running, panic-stricken in every direction, bleating loudly. In their midst was a great lion, falling first on one terrified sheep and then on another. Livingstone rushed within the hut for his rifle, but before he returned Mebalwe saw the great beast kill nine sheep, and, dragging one with him, start into the woods near by. Looking toward the canal, they saw that the men had left their work and were running helter-skelter toward the village as fast as their feet could carry them.

"Those men are cowards," said Livingstone. "Why did they not take their spears and kill that lion?"

"They are bewitched by their enemies and given over into the power of the lions," replied Mebalwe. "The lions have been destroying their sheep and cattle for many days past." "Yes, I know," said Livingstone, "but those men are not bewitched by any one. It is their fear that keeps them from killing the lions. Why, if they do not fight these lions and drive them out of this part of the country, their sheep and cattle will all be destroyed, the men cannot finish the canal, and the lions may attack the people themselves."

By this time the excited men began to arrive at Livingstone's hut, and all talking at once tried to tell what had happened. One man, with staring eyes and wildly waving arms, cried, "Oh, Master, we are bewitched; the lion will kill us." "You are

not bewitched," laughed Livingstone. "A lion must kill prey for food. That is his nature. Your enemies cannot help him do it." "But, Master," answered two or three at once, "the lion is lord of the night; why should he show himself in the daytime unless our enemies have given him power over us?" "Yes, yes," cried others, "we are bewitched by another tribe; we cannot kill the lions. We tried the other day after our cattle were destroyed and we could not kill a single lion. We are bewitched. What can we do?"

"You were scared the other day," said Livingstone; "that was the reason you didn't kill the lions. You men have killed lions before, and you can kill them again. If you kill one lion all the others will leave this part of the country. Come, get your spears; let us follow this lion and kill him." "Then will you go with us, Master?" asked one of the bravest of the men. "Of course," responded Livingstone quickly, and, turning to Mebalwe, "Will you go too?" "Yes, yes," said the school-teacher as he hurried to get his gun. "Now," said Livingstone to the men, "get your spears and we will be ready to start."

Soon the men were off, with Livingstone and Mebalwe leading the party. They formed a large circle around the small hill where they had seen the lion disappear into the woods. Presently they discovered there were several lions on the hill inside of their circle. The men now began to shout

or rather chant together, brandishing their spears in the air to mark the rhythm of their march as they advanced with stealthy tread, wide-eyed, alert, ready to throw their spears at any moment, when a frenzied lion might appear. Gradually they came nearer each other, closing in the circle. Just at that moment Mebalwe, who was standing at one side with Livingstone, fired a shot at a lion which he saw inside the large circle. The ball missed the lion, but hit the rock on which he was sitting. The lion bit at the spot where the ball struck, just as an angry dog does at a stick. But the beast had no notion of staying where he was in so much danger, and with one leap he started toward the circle of men. "Spear him, spear him," shouted Livingstone, but the men, cowards that they were, fell back and let the great lion go through their line without so much as throwing one spear at him. Before Livingstone could get to a place from which he could have a shot at him, the lion had escaped unhurt to the woods beyond. Shortly after, however, Livingstone caught sight of another lion within the circle. This time the lion was behind a bush, so Livingstone took good aim and fired two shots at him. The bullets went into the great beast. "He is shot, he is shot," shouted the men as they ran toward him. But Livingstone saw his tail waving high in the air, and he knew he was alive and angry. "Stop a little till I load again," cried Livingstone. But as he was loading his gun

there was a wild scream from the men. Livingstone looked up. But too late! The lion was upon him. With one paw on Livingstone's head, the other on his left arm, the great beast brought him to the ground. He sunk his teeth into Livingstone's shoulder and shook him roughly. Mebalwe screamed. At the sound, instantly the lion sprang on Mebalwe, biting him through the thigh. Another man tried to spear him and the lion jumped on him. But at that moment the great beast fell dead at their feet. The bullets Livingstone had fired into him at first now killed him.

The men in their excitement gathered around the lion. "Is he really dead?" they asked, and they poked him with their spears to make sure. Some one helped Livingstone to his feet and he joined the group around the lion's body. "See, Master, see," they cried, "he is dead; you shot him." "What about being bewitched by power of your enemies?" smiled Livingstone. "But were you not hurt, Master?" they asked. "Yes, but he was only doing what God gave him the nature to do, and when he killed the sheep he was getting food in the only way he knew how. Your enemies had nothing to do with it." "Master is right," cried Mebalwe; "we were not bewitched." "No," continued Livingstone, "you were not bewitched, for your enemies have no such power over you. God is the only one who has power over our lives. God, our Father, will protect us from harm."

"Yes, yes," said another, "Master asked God to help him kill the lion; we will ask him, too." "God helps every one who asks him," said the master, "and he makes men brave and strong to do what they ought to do." "Master is right; God is ruler. Master is a great teacher," cried they all.

# THE SLAVE RAIDERS

An African king and his councilmen were talking excitedly over the rumors they had heard that very morning. "The slave raiders are coming this way," cried one. "They catch the women when they are digging in the gardens and the men when they are alone on the path. They fasten them with chains and put them in strong pens. They march them off and nobody knows what becomes of them." "Ah! Most of the people die and whole villages are lost," exclaimed another. "We will see to it," said the king, "that the slave raiders do not come within our borders. We will keep a sharp lookout and allow no strangers inside the village." "Yes, yes, we will all watch," the men agreed, "and no slave raider shall come near us."

At that instant some villagers came running to the king, crying, "Oh, master, some white strangers are coming up the path." "Go back, stop them in the path, find out who they are and what they want," replied the king at once. The messengers sped off. The king and his councilmen grasped their spears and waited in silence. Very soon the messengers came running again out of the jungle with glad faces. "Who are the strangers and what do they want?" demanded the king. "They are Livingstone's children," said the messengers.

"They have come a long way and are tired; they want to spend the night in our village, and these are the gifts they sent to you." They spread out on the hard earth floor before the king a strip of bright colored calico, some beads, and a roll of copper wire. A murmur of surprise and pleasure ran around the group. But the king only said, "Bring Livingstone's children to me." "Livingstone's children!" exclaimed the men when the messengers had gone. "Can it be the white master is coming this way again?" "No," replied another, "he was going to the coast, but he left some supplies beyond here." "The white master is a good one," said the king. "He never beats his men and he taught us many good things." The men grunted and nodded their heads approvingly.

In a few minutes they returned, followed by the white strangers and their servants. The party entered the open council place and the white men bowed low before the king. "Who are you and what is your business," asked the king. "We are Livingstone's children," said they. "Our master has found a road to the coast and sent us back for his supplies. The day is late; we wish to spend the night in your village." "The white master is our friend," said the king. "Yes," the travelers replied. "Livingstone told us we would be among friends in this country." The chief turned to his men and said, "Prepare the best huts for Livingstone's children." Some of the men left at once

to carry out the king's command and soon the visitors were comfortably settled and their servants began to prepare the evening meal. The people flocked to the huts, bringing gifts of parched corn, yams, and other food, and they lingered about until the day was ended.

Late that night, when the village lay asleep, suddenly a woman screamed, then another. The people rushed from their huts, rubbing their eyes in a dazed way, and blinking before a great light. Many huts were on fire! People were running about blindly, and the white men who called themselves Livingstone's children were seizing men, women, and children, binding them, and herding them together, under a tree where men with guns kept them from escaping. The few who managed to get out of the village were surrounded there by men, who caught and bound them, too.

When the gray dawn of the morning light came there were only the ruins of the village left. The children were crying, men and women were begging to be freed. Some of the stronger men were talking together. "We were deceived," they said "The visitors were not Livingstone's children. They were the slave raiders. Oh! why did we ever trust them?" murmured they. "The white master never takes slaves; if he were only here, he would save us!"

And this was the slave-traders' trick! All through the central part of Africa during the ter-

rible years of the slave traffic the slave raiders trapped the black people in every way their cruelty could devise. Many times they started wars between tribes and took all the captives for slaves. They bribed men from one tribe to capture slaves from neighboring tribes. The black man was safe nowhere from the slave raider. Men and women were kidnaped wherever they could be caught. Whole villages were often surrounded in the night and all taken as slaves.

Soon the slave drivers prepared the captives for their long march to the sea. They lashed the women and children to one another by strong cords of leather. They fastened great Y-shaped sticks around the necks of the men and riveted the forked ends together with iron. At last the miserable procession marched off—women with heavy bags of meal or grain on their heads, and sometimes a mother with a baby on her back, little children, some of them not more than five years old. and great, strong men—nearly a hundred in all. By their sides marched the slave drivers, wearing bright red caps and gay clothes. On their shoulders they carried muskets and in their hands many of them had tin horns, which they blew proudly as they marched along.

All day long they marched. Noon came, but there was nothing to eat. The evening drew on and only a little food was given them. At last they lay down for the night to rest. But how

could they rest, bound together with leather cords or great slave sticks about their necks? The second day began more miserably than the first. If they complained, the slave drivers' whip fell on their backs; so they trudged wearily on. But there was in store for them a relief of which they had not dreamed, and upon which the slave drivers had not reckoned.

Late in the afternoon, as the procession came around the end of a hill, they suddenly came into a camp, so very suddenly that they were in the center of it before the slave drivers could stop the procession; and there, standing in plain view, was a white man. That man was David Livingstone! The next instant every slave driver took to his heels and disappeared, tin horns, red caps, and all, into the thickets. They knew that David Livingstone was in Africa to stop the slave-trade.

And so the entire slave gang was left alone with Livingstone and his men. The whole procession at once fell on their knees in thanksgiving, and soon they clapped their hands for joy. Livingstone and his men swiftly cut the leather thongs that bound the women and children, but it took longer to saw the slave sticks from the necks of the men. When at last they were all free, Livingstone said to the women, "Take the meal from the bags you are carrying and cook food for yourselves and your children." But the women looked at him in wonder. "Surely he does not mean what he

says," they thought, and stood still. Again he spoke to them. "Isn't that meal in the bags you are carrying?" "Yes," they replied. "Well, it is yours now. Your enemies are gone and you are to cook some food. See how hungry your children are." It seemed too good to be true, but surely they must obey the white master. "Come," said Livingstone, "build a fire, get some water." Quickly the women set to work. The children gathered the slave sticks in a great heap and set fire to them and over the flames they hung a huge kettle. All the hungry company sat down and ate the first good meal they had had since that last evening in their homes when the cruel white visitors came to them.

Presently a boy who did not know Livingstone went to him and said, "The other men tied us and starved us. You cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from?" "My boy," replied Livingstone, "I came from a far country to tell you and all your people about God." "Who is God, and who told you about him?" asked the boy. "God is the creator of this world and the Father of us all. His Son, Jesus Christ, came to tell men that the Father loves all his children, both black and white, and he wants them to live like brothers in peace together."

# FAITHFUL FRIENDS

In David Livingstone's camp on the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo his men were talking in low tones. "Master is too ill to travel to-day," said Susi. "He has taken medicine from his chest for many days, but he grows weaker." "It is the rain," said Chumah. "Every day we must travel through the rain and wade the marshes." "Master says if the sun would shine and we were on high ground, he would get well again." "Let us make a bed for him which we can fasten to a pole and bear on our shoulders. We will carry him until he is strong again." "Good!" said the other men, and quickly they fastened his stretcher by stout ropes to a long pole and made a swinging bed. When it was finished they came to Livingstone's hut, and, showing him what they had made, said: "Master, let us carry you until you are strong again." "Good Susi, good Chumah," said Livingstone. "May God, our Father, reward you." "He has rewarded us in giving us our Master," said they. Tenderly they lifted their sick leader and placed the pole on their shoulders; and the large company, who had now broken camp, started on their day's march.

After an hour or two of travel, with the constant splash, splash of mud and water, which filled the paths and covered the country about, they reached a strip of higher ground. "Let us rest a little here," said Livingstone. "I want to see where we are." "Will Master have something to eat now?" asked Susi as he came to Livingstone's side with a bowl of food. "I cannot eat any of it," was the reply. "But Master has not eaten any food to-day and little for many days," said Susi, distressed. "If we only could reach a village where there were herds and could get milk!" sighed Livingstone. "Alas, Master, alas, the slave raiders have left neither villages nor herds in this country." "Yes, yes, I know," said the master wearily, and he lay down again to rest. All that day they marched, fording streams, where they carried the master on their shoulders, through marshes and across great rivers. Many times they passed the ruins of a village where the slave raiders had done their awful work of burning, stealing, and capturing the people for slaves, leaving only a desolate country behind. At night they camped on a hillside overlooking the lake. They quickly built a little hut for the master and a fire in front of it, so he could rest comfortably there. The men resolved that night in their council to go to Chitambo's village, for their eyes told them that their master could not be with them much longer, but their hearts refused to believe it. Four long days they marched

steadily through the rain. At last they came to the village where Chitambo was chief.

The news of their arrival spread quickly, and the men in the village came to look at the white man. He lay on his stretcher under the wide eaves of a hut where the carriers had placed him, for protection from the drizzling rain, while they built a hut for him. "He is a great chief," they said. "We have many times heard of him. He is good to his men." Presently the new hut was ready and they tenderly laid Livingstone on the bed that they had made of boughs and grass, over which they spread their blankets. They placed his medicine-chest by his side on a large box which answered for a table and built a good fire in front of the hut. Their master was in great pain and they were distressed, for they could do nothing to relieve him. Susi lovingly cared for him all that day and did not leave his side that night.

The next morning Chief Chitambo called at the hut where his guest, the white master, lay sick. It was with difficulty that Livingstone could raise his head, but he bowed to the chief, who said: "The White Master is very sick. What does Chitambo or his men have that would help the White Chief to get strong again?" "Chitambo is very kind," was the faint reply. "Rest and food, which my men are giving me, are all I need now. Will Chitambo come again to-morrow, when I am stronger and can talk with him?" "Yes, yes," said the chief,

but he looked long and tenderly at the thin, pale face before he passed out.

That night Majwara slept at the door of the hut. Late in the night he awakened and after looking in the hut ran to Susi and said, "Come quickly to Master." Susi with four others hurried to the hut and there by the dim light of the candle they saw their master kneeling by the side of his bed. They were frightened, for they knew he was very weak, but they waited reverently while he prayed. Presently they slipped in and found that their master had offered his last prayer and his spirit had gone home to his Father.

Quietly all the men gathered outside the hut. "Never was there another such master," said they. "He was a father to us when we were sick and nursed us like we were his children." "Ah, he taught us of the great Father who helps his children." "What shall we do with the body of Master?" some one asked after a time. "Did he not come from his home across the seas to help us?" "Then we must send his body back across the seas to rest with his fathers." "Yes," said they all, "he must go home. We will meet many enemies, but the bearers of the White Master can face many enemies and dangers." "Who shall be our leader? The task is great." "Susi and Chumah shall be our chiefs. We will obey them," was the reply. "Ah, yes," said they, "we will all obey Susi and Chumah."

Their first work was to collect all of their mas-

ter's things, which they did down to the last button. "His family and friends must have these," said Chumah, as they tenderly packed his clothing, together with his compass and charts. Then a day of mourning was called. Chitambo and all of his men came. "He was a good one," said they. "He had no slaves." "He never beat his men." "He loved us, for he was our brother," said another. Under a great mvula tree they buried his heart. One man cut an inscription on the tree, giving Livingstone's name and the date of his death. "Will you always keep the grass cut from under this tree?" demanded the men from Chitambo. "Yes, I promise," replied the chief. "I promise always to keep the grass cleared away, so fire may not hurt the tree. I will protect the spot where our friend the White Master lay and where his heart is buried."

For fourteen days the men worked unceasingly. At last the little company started on their long march to the sea. The body of their master, which they had embalmed and wrapped in the huge bark of a tree, was lashed to a pole and carried on their shoulders. The men who had traveled with Livingstone for eight long years through forests, plains, and swamps started now on the last and hardest journey of their lives with their master.

After three days' marching Susi became very sick, so he could not move; soon half the company were down with the fever and two of them died.

It was a month before they could start on again. They waded marshes, forded streams, and crossed the Luapula river, which was swollen until it was four miles wide. Sometimes the tribes through whose country they had to pass were unfriendly and would not let them have food or water to drink. The people were often afraid of a dead body and refused to allow the men to travel through their country, or else demanded a high toll. So the company often had to go a long way around, frequently they traveled at night, and once they were in a terrible fight. But not for a moment did they think of giving up their journey.

When they had gone a long distance they met a relief party coming from England to find Livingstone, and when the Englishmen learned that Livingstone was dead they said, "We will bury his body here." "No," said Susi and Chumah, "our White Master came from his home in the far country to help us. Now we must send his body back to rest with his fathers. We will take it on to the coast." And so they did. After nine long months of travel over more than a thousand miles of wild, trackless country they came at last to the coast city and went to the British consul. Before this man who represented the British government they laid down their burden for the last time. Few words were spoken. The black men stood with bowed heads, each man leaning on his staff, gazing at that object which was the body of him they loved so

much. Presently, with sad hearts and heavy footsteps, they turned, one by one, and left their precious burden with the consul. They had finished their service of love.